

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinckes to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets
the while.*

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you ?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord ?

Ostr. How ist Laertes ?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Ostrick,

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene ?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare Hamlet,
The drinke the drinke, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysoned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere ?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble Hamlet,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee ;
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,
But let it be ; Horatio I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer believe it ;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

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